

The Comickall Historie of

I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Archiev'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infideil?

What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio?

from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,

If that the youth of my new intrest here

Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,

I bid my friends and countrey men,

Sweet *Pertia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here,

But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,

He did intreate me past all saying nay

To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,

And I have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*.

Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,

Nor well, unlesse in mind : his letter there

Will shew you his estate.

open the letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.

Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice*?

How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?

I know he will be glad of our successe,

We

the Merchant of Venice.

We are the *Jafons*, we have wonne the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,

That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek,

Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turne so much the constitution

Of any constant man : what worse and worse?

With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,

And I must have the halfe of any thing

That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,

Here are a few of the unpleasant't words

That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,

And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady

Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a Braggart, when I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse then nothing ; for indeed

I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,

Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy,

To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,

The Paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound

Issuing life bloud. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit?

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,

And not one Vessell scape the dreadfull touch

Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had

The present money to discharge the *Jew*,

He vould not take it : never did I know

A creature that did beare the shape of man

So keen and greedy to confound a man.

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